


THE
Instructive Miscellany;
OR,
Pleasing Companion:

CONTAINING

Order and Disorder—Discontented Squirrel—Rat with
a Bell—Dog and his Relations,

AND OTHER

CHOICE STORIES.



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Instructive Miscellany.



ORDER *and* DISORDER.

A FAIRY TALE.

JULIET was a clever well-disposed girl, but apt to be heedless. She could do her lessons very well, but commonly as much time was taken up in getting her things together, as in doing what she was set about. If she was to work, there was generally the housewife to seek in one place, and the thread-papers in another. The scissars were left in her pockets up stairs, and the thimble was rolling about the floor. In writing, the copy-book was

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generally missing, the ink dried up, and the pens, new and old, all tumbled about the cupboard. The slate and slate-pencil were never found together. In making her exercises, the English dictionary always came to hand instead of the French grammar; and when she was to read a chapter, she usually got hold of Robinson Crusoe, or the World Displayed, instead of the Testament.

Juliet's mamma was almost tired of teaching her, so she sent her to make a visit to an old lady in the country, a very good woman, but rather strict with young folks. Here she was shut up in a room above stairs by herself after breakfast every day, till she had quite finished the tasks set her. This house was one of the very few that are still haunted with fairies. One of these, whose name was *Disorder*, took a pleasure in plaguing poor Juliet. She was a frightful figure to look at; being crooked and squint eyed, with her hair hanging about her face, and her dress put on all awry, and full of rents and tatters. She prevailed on the old lady to let her set Juliet

liet her tasks; so one morning she came up with a work-bag full of threads of silk of all sorts of colours, mixed and entangled together, and a flower very nicely worked to copy. It was a pansie, and the gradual melting of its hues into one another was imitated with great accuracy and beauty. "Here, Miss," said she, "my mistress has sent you a piece of work to do, and she insists upon having it done before you come down to dinner. You will find all the materials in this bag."

Juliet took the flower and the bag, and turned out all the silks upon the table. She slowly pulled out a red, and a purple, and a blue, and a yellow, and at length fixed upon one to begin working with. After taking two or three stitches, and looking at her model, she found another shade was wanted. This was to be hunted out from the bunch, and a long while it took her to find it. It was soon necessary to change it for another. Juliet saw that in going on at this rate it would take days instead of hours to work the flower, so she laid down the needle and fell a crying. After this

had continued some time, she was startled at the sound of somewhat stamping on the floor; and taking her handkerchief from her eyes, she spied a neat diminutive female figure advancing towards her. She was as upright as an arrow, and had not so much as a hair out of its place, or the least article of her dress rumpled or discomposed. When she came up to Juliet, "My dear," said she, "I heard your crying, and knowing you to be a good girl in the main, I am come to your assistance. My name is *Order*; your mamma is well acquainted with me, though this is the first time you ever saw me. But I hope we shall know one another better for the future." She then jumped upon the table, and with a wand gave a tap upon the heap of entangled silk. Immediately the threads separated, and arranged themselves in a long row, consisting of little skeins, in which all of the same colour were collected together, those approaching nearest in shade being placed next each other. This done, she disappeared. Juliet, as soon as her surprise was over, resumed her work, and found

found it go on with ease and pleasure. She finished the flower by dinner-time, and obtained great praise for the neatness of the execution.

The next day, the ill-natured fairy came up with a great book under her arm. "This," said she, "is my mistress's house-book, and she says you must draw out against dinner an exact account of what it has cost her last year in all the articles of housekeeping, including clothes, rent, taxes, wages, and the like. You must state separately the amount of every article under the heads of baker, butcher, milliner, shoemaker, and so forth, taking special care not to miss a single thing entered down in the book. Here is a quire of paper and a parcel of pens." So saying, with a malicious grin she left her.

Juliet turned pale at the very thought of the task she had to perform. She opened the great book and saw all the pages closely written, but in the most confused manner possible. Here was, "paid Mr. Crusty for a week's bread and baking, so much." Then, "Paid Mr. Pinchtoe for shoes so much

much.”—“Paid half a year’s rent, so much.” Then came a butcher’s bill, succeeded by a milliner’s, and that by a tallow-chandler’s. “What shall I do?” cried poor Juliet—“where am I to begin, and how can I possibly pick out all these things? Was ever such a tedious perplexing task? O that my good little creature were here again with her wand!

She had but just uttered the words when the fairy *Order* stood before her. “Don’t be startled, my dear,” said she; “I knew your wish, and made haste to comply with it. Let me see your book.” She turned over a few leaves, and then cried, “I see my cross-grained sister has played you a trick. She has brought you the *day-book* instead of the *ledger*: but I will set the matter to rights instantly.” She vanished, and presently returned with another book, in which she showed Juliet every one of the articles required standing at the tops of the pages, and all the particulars entered under them from the *day-book*; so that there was nothing for her to do but cast up the sums and copy out the heads with their amount in
single

single lines. As Juliet was a ready accountant, she was not long in finishing the business, and produced her account neatly written on one sheet of paper, at dinner.

The next day, Juliet's tormentor brought her up a large box full of letters stamped upon small bits of ivory, capitals and common letters of all sorts, but jumbled together promiscuously as if they had been shaken in a bag. "Now, Miss," said she, "before you come down to dinner, you must exactly copy out this poem in these ivory letters, placing them, line by line, on the floor of your room."

Juliet thought at first that this task would be pretty sport enough; but when she set about it, she found such trouble in hunting out the letters she wanted, every one seeming to come to hand before the right one, that she proceeded very slowly; and the poem being a long one, it was plain that night would come before it was finished. Sitting down, and crying for her kind friend, was therefore her only resource.

Order was not far distant, for, indeed, she had been watching her proceedings all the

the while. She made herself visible, and giving a tap on the letters with her wand, they immediately arranged themselves alphabetically in little double heaps, the small in one, and the great in the other. After this operation, Juliet's task went on with such expedition, that she called up the old lady an hour before dinner, to be witness to its completion.

The good lady kissed her, and told her, that as she hoped she was now made sensible of the benefits of order, and the inconveniences of disorder, she would not confine her any longer to work by herself at set tasks, but she should come and sit with her. Juliet took such pains to please her by doing every thing with the greatest neatness and regularity, and reforming all her careless habits, that when she was sent back to her mother, the following presents were made her, in order constantly to remind her of the beauty and advantage of order.

A cabinet of English coins, in which all the gold and silver money of our kings was arranged in the order of their reigns.

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A set of plaster casts of the Roman emperors.

A cabinet of beautiful shells, displayed according to the most approved system.

A very complete box of water colours, and another of crayons, sorted in all the shades of the primary colours.

And, a very nice housewife, with all the implements belonging to a sempstress, and good store of the best needles in sizes.



THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL.

IN a pleasant wood, on the western side of a ridge of mountains, there lived a *Squirrel*, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he began to grow discontented, and one day fell into the following soliloquy.

What,

What, must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance wherever their fancy leads them, and at the approach of winter, set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round. My neighbour Cuckow tells me he is just going; and even little Nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees; which no doubt must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow; and the finest colours imaginable. There can be no harm, at least, in trying, for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out tomorrow morning.

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When Squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills. These he crossed before the sun was gotten high; and then, having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend. It was heavy, toilsome work scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to climbing; so for a while he proceeded expeditiously. Often, however, was he obliged to stop and take breath; so that it was a good deal past noon before he arrived at the summit of the first cliff. Here he sat down to eat his dinner; and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

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When he looked forwards, however, he was somewhat discouraged to observe that another eminence rose above him, full as distant as that to which he had already reached; and he now began to feel stiff and fatigued. However, after a little rest, he set out again, though not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprise, instead of finding it warmer as he got nearer the sun, he felt it grow colder and colder. He had not travelled two hours before his strength and spirits were almost spent; and he seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on. While he was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forwards or backwards. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only
desire

ver, he desire again to reach. The storm lasted till the approach of night ; and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent ; so that, hungry and shivering, he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind amongst the stones.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite, soaring in the air above, descried him, and making a stoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was born away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the kite's young ones :

when an eagle, who had seen the kite seize her prey, pursued her in order to take it from her; and overtaking her, gave her such a buffet, as caused her to drop the Squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that, though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury, and after lying a-while, came to himself again. But what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest. Ah! said he, my dear native place and peaceful home! if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I am now so wonderfully escaped.





THE RAT WITH A BELL.

A FABLE.

A Large old house in the country was so extremely infested with rats, that nothing could be secured from their depredations. They scaled the walls to attack fitches of bacon, though hung as high as the ceiling. Hanging-shelves afforded no protection to the cheese and pastry. They penetrated by sap into the store-room, and plundered it of preserves and sweetmeats. They gnawed through cupboard doors, undermined floors, and ran races behind the wainscots. The cats could not get at them: they were too cunning and too well fed to meddle with poison; and traps only now and then caught a heedless straggler. One of these, however, on being taken,

was the occasion of practising a new device. This was, to fasten a collar with a small bell about the prisoner's neck, and then turn him loose again.

Overjoyed at the recovery of his liberty, the rat ran into the nearest hole, and went in search of his companions. They heard at a distance the bell tinkle, tinkle, through the dark passages, and suspecting some enemy had got among them, away they scoured, some one way and some another. The bell-bearer pursued; and soon guessing the cause of their flight, he was greatly amused by it. Wherever he approached, it was all hurry-scurry, and not a tail of one of them was to be seen. He chased his old friends from hole to hole, and room to room, laughing all the while at their fears, and increasing them by all the means in his power. Presently he had the whole house to himself. "That's right (quoth he)—the fewer, the better cheer." So he rioted alone among the good things, and stuffed till he could hardly walk.

For two or three days this course of life went on very pleasantly. He eat, and eat, and

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and played the bugbear to perfection. At length he grew tired of this lonely condition, and longed to mix with his companions again upon the former footing. But the difficulty was, how to get rid of his bell. He pulled and tugged with his fore-feet, and almost wore the skin off his neck in the attempt, but all in vain. The bell was now his plague and torment. He wandered from room to room, earnestly desiring to make himself known to one of his companions, but they all kept out of his reach. At last, as he was moping about disconsolate, he fell in puss's way, and was devoured in an instant.

He who is raised so much above his fellow creatures as to be the object of their terror, must suffer for it in losing all the comforts of society. He is a solitary being in the midst of crowds. He keeps them at a distance, and they equally shun him. Dread and affection cannot subsist together.





THE DOG AND HIS RELATIONS.

KEEPER was a farmer's mastiff, honest, brave, and vigilant. One day, as he was ranging at some distance from home, he espied a Wolf and Fox sitting together at the corner of a wood. *Keeper*, not much liking their looks, though by no means fearing them, was turning another way, when they called after him, and civilly desired him to stay. "Surely, Sir, (says *Reynard*), you won't disown your relations. My cousin *Ghaunt* and I were just talking over family matters, and we both agreed that we had the honour of reckoning you among our kin. You must know, that according to the best accounts, the wolves and dogs were originally one race

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race in the forests of Armenia; but the dogs, taking to living with man, have since become inhabitants of the towns and villages, while the wolves have retained their ancient mode of life. As to my ancestors, the foxes, they were a branch of the same family who settled farther northwards, where they became stunted in their growth, and adopted the custom of living in holes under ground. The cold has sharpened our noses, and given us a thicker fur and bushy tails to keep us warm. But we have all a family likeness which it is impossible to mistake; and I am sure it is our interest to be good friends with each other."

The wolf was of the same opinion; and *Keeper*, looking narrowly at them, could not help acknowledging their relationship. As he had a generous heart, he readily entered into friendship with them. They took a ramble together; but *Keeper*, was rather surprized at observing the suspicious shyness with which some of the weaker sort of animals surveyed them, and wondered at the hasty flight of a flock of sheep
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as soon as they came within view. However, he gave his cousins a cordial invitation to come and see him at his yard, and then took his leave.

They did not fail to come the next day about dusk. *Keeper* received them kindly, and treated them with part of his own supper. They staid with him till after dark, and then marched off with many compliments. The next morning, word was brought to the farm that a goose and three goslings were missing, and that a couple of lambs were found almost devoured in the home-field. *Keeper* was too honest himself readily to suspect others, so he never thought of his kinsmen on the occasion. Soon after, they paid him a second evening visit, and next day another loss appeared, of a hen and her chickens, and a fat sheep. Now *Keeper* could not help mistrusting a little, and blamed himself for admitting strangers without his master's knowledge. However, he still did not love to think ill of his own relations.

They came a third time. *Keeper* received them rather coldly, and hinted that he

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he should like better to see them in the day-time ; but they excused themselves for want of leisure. When they took their leaves, he resolved to follow at some distance and watch their motions. A litter of young pigs happened to be lying under a haystack without the yard. The wolf seized one by the back, and run off with him. The pig set up a most dismal squeal ; and *Keeper* running up at the noise, caught his dear cousin in the fact. He flew at him, and made him relinquish his prey, though not without much snarling and growling. The fox, who had been prowling about the hen-roost, now came up, and began to make protestations of his own innocence, with heavy reproaches against the wolf for thus disgracing the family. " Begone, scoundrels both ! (cried *Keeper*) I know you now too well. You may be of my blood, but I am sure you are not of my spirit. *Keeper* holds no kindred with villains." So saying, he drove them from the premises.

THE COST OF A WAR.

YOU may remember, Oswald, (said Mr. B. to his son) that I gave you, some time ago, a notion of *the price of a victory* to the poor souls engaged in it.

I shall not soon forget it, I assure you, Sir, (replied Oswald.)

Father. Very well. I mean now to give you some idea of *the cost of a war* to the people among whom it is carried on. This may serve to abate something of the admiration with which historians are too apt to inspire us for great warriors and conquerors. You have heard, I doubt not, of Louis the fourteenth, king of France.

Os. O yes!

F. He was entitled by his subjects *Louis le Grand*, and was compared by them to the Alexanders and Cæsars of antiquity; and with some justice, as to the extent of his power, and the use he made of it. He was the most potent prince of his time; commanded mighty and victorious armies; and enlarged the limits of his hereditary dominions.

dominions. Louis was not naturally a hard-hearted man ; but having been taught from his cradle that every thing ought to give way to the interests of his glory, and that this glory consisted in domineering over his neighbours, and making conquests, he grew to be insensible to all the miseries brought on his own and other people in pursuit of this noble design, as he thought it. Moreover, he was plunged in dissolute pleasures, and the delights of pomp and splendor, from his youth ; and he was ever surrounded by a tribe of abject flatterers, who made him believe that he had a full right in all cases to do as he pleased. Conquest abroad and pleasure at home were therefore the chief business of his life.

One evening, his minister, Louvois, came to him, and said, " Sire, it is absolutely necessary to make a desert of the *Palatinate*."

This is a country in Germany, on the banks of the Rhine, one of the most populous and best cultivated districts in that

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empire,

empire, filled with towns and villages, and industrious inhabitants.

“ I should be sorry to do it (replied the king), for you know how much odium we acquired throughout Europe when a part of it was laid waste some time ago, by Marshal Turenne.”

“ It cannot be helped, Sire, (returned Louvois.) All the damage he did has been repaired, and the country is as flourishing as ever. If we leave it in its present state, it will afford quarters to your majesty's enemies, and endanger your conquests. It must be entirely ruined—the good of the service will not permit it to be otherwise.”

“ Well, then, (answered Louis) if it must be so, you are to give orders accordingly.” So saying, he left the cabinet, and went to assist at a magnificent festival given in honour of his favourite mistress by a prince of the blood.

The pitiless Louvois lost no time; but dispatched a courier that very night, with positive orders to the French generals in the Palatinate, to carry fire and desolation through the whole country—not to leave a
house

house nor a tree standing—and to expel all the inhabitants.

It was the midst of a rigorous winter.

Os. O horrible! But surely the generals would not obey such orders.

F. What? a general disobey the commands of his sovereign! that would be contrary to every maxim of the *trade*. Right and wrong are no considerations to a military man. He is only to do as he is bid: The French generals, who were upon the spot, and must see with their own eyes all that was done, probably felt somewhat like men on the occasion; but the sacrifice to their duty as soldiers was so much the greater. The commands were peremptory, and they were obeyed to a tittle. Towns and villages were burnt to the ground; vineyards and orchards were cut down and rooted up: sheep and cattle were killed; all the fair works of ages were destroyed in a moment; and the smiling face of culture was turned to a dreary waste.

The poor inhabitants were driven from their warm and comfortable habitations into the open fields, to confront all the inclemencies

clemencies of the season. Their furniture was burnt or pillaged, and nothing was left them but the clothes on their backs, and the few necessaries they could carry with them. The roads were covered with trembling fugitives, going they knew not whither, shivering with cold, and pinched with hunger.—Here an old man, dropping with fatigue, lay down to die—there a woman with a new-born infant sunk perishing on the snow, while her husband hung over them in all the horror of despair.

Of. O, what a scene! Poor creatures! what became of them at last?

F. Such of them as did not perish on the road, got to the neighbouring towns, where they were received with all the hospitality that such calamitous times would afford; but they were beggared for life. Meantime, their country for many a league round displayed no other sight than that of black smoking ruins, in the midst of silence and desolation.

Of. I hope, however, that such things do not often happen in war.

F. Not

F. Not often, perhaps, to the same extent; but in some degree they must take place in every war. A village which would afford a favourable post to the enemy is always burnt without hesitation. A country which can no longer be maintained, is cleared of all its provision and forage before it is abandoned, lest the enemy should have the advantage of them; and the poor inhabitants are left to subsist as they can. Crops of corn are trampled down by armies in their march, or devoured while green, as fodder for their horses. Pillage, robbery, and murder, are always going on in the out-skirts of the best disciplined camp. Then, consider what must happen in every siege. On the first approach of the enemy, all the buildings in the suburbs of a town are demolished, and all the trees in gardens and public walks are cut down, lest they should afford shelter to the besiegers. As the siege goes on, bombs, hot balls, and cannon-shot, are continually flying about, by which the greatest part of a town is ruined or laid in ashes, and many of the innocent people killed and maimed.

mained. If the resistance is obstinate, famine and pestilence are sure to take place; and if the garrison holds out to the last, and the town is taken by storm, it is generally given up to be pillaged by the enraged and licentious soldiery.

It would be easy to bring too many examples of cruelty exercised upon a conquered country, even in very late times, when war is said to be carried on with so much humanity; but, indeed, how can it be otherwise? The art of war is essentially that of destruction, and it is impossible there should be a mild and merciful way of murdering and ruining one's fellow-creatures. Soldiers, as men, are often humane, but war must ever be cruel.

Of. Surely, as war is so bad a thing, there might be some way of preventing it.

F. Alas! I fear mankind have been too long accustomed to it, and it is too agreeable to their bad passions, easily to be laid aside, whatever miseries it may bring upon them. But in the mean time let us correct our own ideas of the matter, and no longer lavish admiration upon such a pest
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of the human race as a *Conqueror*, how brilliant soever his qualities may be; nor ever think that a profession which binds a man to be the servile instrument of cruelty and injustice, is an *honourable* calling.



THE HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A Debate once arose among the animals in a farm-yard, which of them was most valued by their common master. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had stated their several pretensions, the hog took up the discourse.

“ It is plain (said he) that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his own sake, without expecting from him any return of use and service.

service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as I can?

“As for you, Horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your labour. Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon; when, after a short respite, you are taken to work again till late in the evening? I may say just the same to the Ox, except that he works for poorer fare.

“For you, Mrs. Cow, who are so dainty over your chopped straw and grains, you are thought worth keeping only for your milk, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor young ones are taken from you and sent I know not whither.

“You, poor innocent Sheep, who are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned upon the fallows with now and then a withered turnep or some musty hay, you pay dearly enough for your keep

keep by resigning your warm coat every year, for want of which you are liable to be starved to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

“ As for the Dog, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master’s table, and made his companion, that he will scarce condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a domestic servant by day, and to keep watch during the night, while we are quietly asleep.

“ In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for use—poor subservient things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. I, on the contrary, have a warm sty and plenty of provisions all at free cost. I have nothing to do but grow fat and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me lying at ease in the sun, or filling my belly.”

Thus argued the Hog, and put the rest to silence by so much logic and rhetoric. This was not long before winter set in. It proved a very scarce season for fodder of all kinds; so that the farmer began to consider

der how he was to maintain all his live stock till spring. "It will be impossible for me (thought he) to keep them all; I must therefore part with those I can best spare. As for my horses and working oxen, I shall have business enough to employ them; they must be kept, cost what it will. My cows will not give me much milk in the winter, but they will calve in the spring, and be ready for the new grass. I must not lose the profit of my dairy. The sheep, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the hills: and if deep snow comes, we must do with them as well as we can by the help of a few turneps and some hay, for I must have their wool at shearing time to make out my rent with. But my hogs will eat me out of house and home, without doing me any good. They must go to pot, that's certain; and the sooner I get rid of the fat ones, the better."

So saying, he singled out the *orator* as one of the prime among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.



GENEROUS REVENGE.

AT the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the factions of the nobles and the people, *Uberto* a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of the popular party, maintained for a considerable time a democratical form of government.

The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigour ; and in particular, having imprisoned *Uberto*, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed sufficient lenity in passing a sentence upon him of perpetual banishment, and the confiscation

fiscation of all his property. *Adorno*, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though otherwise not void of generous sentiments, in pronouncing this sentence on *Uberto*, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You (said he)—you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa—You by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the nothing whence you sprung."

Uberto received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to *Adorno*, "that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own." He then made his obeisance, and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions, and with the
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wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him in a course of years to greater wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with the Venetians, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As *Uberto* was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young christian slave at work in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labour to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek. *Uberto* eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sounds of his

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native tongue, and replying to his enquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. "And what is your name, young man?" (said *Uberto*) You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition." "Alas!" (he answered) I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is *Adorno*, and I am his only son." "*Adorno!*" *Uberto* checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "Thank heaven! then I shall be nobly revenged."

He took leave of the youth, and immediately went to enquire after the corsair captain who claimed a right in young *Adorno*, and having found him, demanded the price of his ransom. He learned that he was considered as a capture of value, and that less than two thousand crowns would not be accepted. *Uberto* paid the sum; and causing his servant to follow him with a horse and a complete suit of handsome apparel, he returned to the youth who was working as before, and told him he was free. With his own hands he took

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off his fetters, and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth was tempted to think it all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of *Uberto*.

After a stay of some days at Tunis to dispatch the remainder of his business, *Uberto* departed homewards, accompanied by young *Adorno*, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. *Uberto* kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into another, and thus addressed him.

“ My dear youth, I could with much
pleasure detain you longer in my humble
manſion,

manſion, but I feel your impatience to re-
viſit your friends, and I am ſenſible that it
would be cruelty to deprive them longer
than neceſſary of the joy they will receive
in recovering you. Deign to accept this
proviſion for your voyage, and deliver this
letter to your father. *He* probably may
recollect ſomewhat of me, though you are
too young to do ſo. Farewell! I ſhall
not ſoon forget you, and I will hope you
will not forget me.” *Adorno* poured out
the effuſions of a grateful and affectionate
heart, and they parted with mutual tears
and embraces.

The young man had a proſperous voy-
age home; and the tranſport with which he
was again beheld by his almoſt heart-bro-
ken parents may more eaſily be conceived
than deſcribed. After learning that he had
been a captive in Tunis (for it was ſup-
poſed that the ſhip in which he ſailed had
foundered at ſea), “And to whom,” (ſaid
old *Adorno*) am I indebted for the ineſtima-
ble benefit of reſtoring you to my arms?”
“This letter, (ſaid his ſon) will inform
you.” He opened it, and read as follows.

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“ That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is
The banished Uberto.”

Adorno dropt the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of *Uberto*, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, *Adorno* resolved if possible to repay it. He made such powerful intercession with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on *Uberto* was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprizing him of this event, *Adorno* expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. *Uberto* returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow-citizens.



SHOW AND USE;
OR,
THE TWO PRESENTS.

ONE morning, Lord Richmore, coming down to breakfast, was welcomed with the tidings that his favourite mare, Miss Slim, had brought a foal, and also, that a she-ass kept for his lady's use, as a milker, had dropt a young one. His lordship smiled at the inequality of the presents nature had made him. "As for the foal (said he to the groom) that, you know, has been long promised to my neighbour Mr. Scamper. For young Balaam, you may dispose of him as you please." The groom

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groom thanked his lordship, and said he would then give him to Isaac, the woodman.

In due time, Miss Slim's foal, which was the son of a noted racer, was taken to Squire Scamper's, who received him with great delight, and out of compliment to the donor named him *Young Peer*. He was brought up with at least as much care and tenderness as the Squire's own children—kept in a warm stable, fed with the best of corn and hay, duly dressed, and regularly exercised. As he grew up, he gave tokens of great beauty. His colour was bright bay, with a white star on his forehead; his coat was fine and shone like silk; and every point about him seemed to promise perfection of shape and make. Every body admired him as the completest colt that could be seen.

So fine a creature could not be destined to any useful employment. After he had passed his third year, he was sent to Newmarket to be trained for the turf, and a groom was appointed to the care of him alone. His master, who could not well afford

afford the expence, saved part of it by turning off a domestic tutor, whom he kept for the education of his sons, and was content with sending them to the curate of the parish.

At four years old, Young Peer started for a subscription purse, and came in second out a number of competitors. Soon after, he won a country plate, and filled his master with joy and triumph. The Squire now turned all his attention to the turf, made matches, betted high, and was at first tolerably successful. At length, having ventured all the money he could raise upon one grand match, Young Peer ran on the wrong side of the post, was distanced, and the Squire ruined.

Mean time young Balaam went into Isaac's possession, where he had a very different training. He was left to pick up his living as he could in the lanes and commons; and on the coldest days in winter he had no other shelter than the lee side of the cottage, out of which he was often glad to pluck the thatch for a subsistence. As soon as ever he was able
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to bear a rider, Isaac's children got upon him, sometimes two or three at once; and if he did not go to their mind, a broomstick or bunch of furze was freely applied to his hide. Nevertheless he grew up as the children themselves did, strong and healthy; and though he was rather bare on the ribs, his shape was good and his limbs vigorous.

It was not long before his master thought of putting him to some use; so taking him to the wood, he fastened a load of faggots on his back, and sent him with his son Tom to the next town. Tom sold the faggots, and mounting upon Balaam, rode him home. As Isaac could get plenty of faggots and chips, he found it a profitable trade to send them for daily sale upon Balaam's back. Having a little garden, which from the barrenness of the soil yielded him nothing of value, he bethought him of loading Balaam back from town with dung for manure. Though all he could bring at once was contained in two small panniers, yet this in time amounted to enough to mend the soil of his whole garden

garden, so that he grew very good cabbages and potatoes, to the great relief of his family. Isaac, being now sensible of the value of his ass, began to treat him with more attention. He got a small stack of rushy hay for his winter fodder, and with his own hands built him a little shed of boughs and mud in order to shelter him from the bad weather, He would not suffer any of his family to use Balaam ill, and after his daily journies he was allowed to ramble at pleasure. He was now and then cleaned and dressed, and, upon the whole, made a reputable figure. Isaac took in more land from the waste, so that by degrees he became a little farmer, and kept a horse and cart, a cow, and two or three pigs. This made him quite a rich man ; but he had always the gratitude to impute his prosperity to the good services of Balaam, the groom's present ; while the Squire cursed Young Peer as the cause of his ruin, and many a time wished that his lordship had kept his dainty gift to himself.



THE GOOSE AND HORSE.

A FABLE.

A *Goose*, who was plucking grass upon a common, thought herself affronted by a *Horse* who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him. "I am certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you, for the whole range and extent of your faculties is confined to one element. I can walk upon the ground as well as you; I have besides wings, with which I can raise myself in the air; and when I please, I can sport in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the different powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."

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The *Horse*, snorting somewhat disdainfully, replied, " It is true you inhabit three elements, but you make no very distinguished figure in any one of them. You fly, indeed; but your flight is so heavy and clumsy, that you have no right to put yourself on a level with the lark or the swallow. You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you cannot live in them as fishes do; you cannot find your food in that element, nor glide smoothly along the bottom of the waves. And when you walk, or rather waddle, upon the ground, with your broad feet and your long neck stretched out, hissing at every one who passes by, you bring upon yourself the derision of all beholders. I confess that I am only formed to move upon the ground; but how graceful is my make! how well turned my limbs! how highly finished my whole body! how great my strength! how astonishing my speed! I had far rather be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *Goose* in all."

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